

GRAMPIUS  
CONGRATULATION

16

In plain

SCOTS LANGUAGE



TO HIS

MAJESTIES

Thrise Happy Return.



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But *Bacchus* She-priests here we bar,  
 Our mirth with fury we'll not mar,  
 Let them their *Trietericks* vent  
 To a *Triennial* Parliament.

And since profane men are discharg'd,  
 (By him for whose cause we're enlarg'd)  
 Ranting 'gainst the dead Commonwealth,  
 Or drinking their own Masters health,  
 Whom they so by their rude louse tongue  
 More than their hands could help, did wrong:  
 What shall we, poor we, do that dwell  
 By *Cyrra*, and *Agamppe* well?

What if we mirrie made by water,  
 Mingled with *Entbean* fire shall clatter?  
 No Treason's here: our noise and din  
 Shall greater be far than our sin.

Were we not then all this past while,  
*Cimmerians* since our Kings exile?  
 Have we not liv'd in Holes and Caves?  
 And dig'd in Minerals like slaves?  
 To pay th'usurpers of the Crown?  
 And buy Swords t' had our Selves down?

But

But now since *For*e amongst us Feists,  
 Like th' honest *Corybantes* Priests,  
 Let's Leap and Daunce all in a round,  
 Our Heads shake, and our Cymbals sound,  
 Till the *French* follow this our folly,  
 Who pitied not our Melancholy.

With God, our King a God we'll call,  
 More's in Him than our Armies all:  
 They brought us Toil and Husks for diet,  
 He Milk and Hony with much quiet:  
 When we by War our Peace did mar,  
 Then *Nole* sought Peace by 'nlawful War.

But still behov'd he to keep's under,  
 And we must Pay or he must Plunder.

Five several times the *Scots* made head  
 To make amends for one misdead;  
 Five times our Fire still turn'd to smoak,  
 And all the Kingdoms bore the yoak:  
 But what was in this wondrous thing?  
 Strong Armies could not help the King,  
 Nor rescue from Hells yauning jaws  
 Religion, Liberty, and Lawes.

Was't not because still *Achan's* wedge  
Was by some of us kept in pledge?

And the curs'd thing was never purg'd,  
So the poor People ay were scourg'd.  
And with the truth if we may jump,  
Our *Scots* House sometimes had its Rump,  
And likewise a fanatick blood  
Made some heads think that ill was good.

But now that brain-sicknesse, (great odds)  
Is turn'd down to an *Emeraude's*:

So if our Royal Doctor please,  
To obviate the like disease,

Let us be purg'd, and Leeches set,  
While th'ill is at our Postern gate,

Lest it break back again, and breed  
Some new distemper to the head.

The body of the Land, like men  
Condemn'd, and then repriv'd again  
By the griev'd Party, taste some grief  
Mixt with the joy of their relief:

And were it not this weight did still us,  
The extasie of joy would kill us:

We grieve, our interprises miss'd  
 The successe which our Souls had wish'd;  
 That our efforts made to repon  
 The King, had thus fail'd one by one.

VVhen the Restorer from us went,  
 He knew this by our hearts consent  
 In offers free: And yet we wring  
 Our hands, that our selves did not bring  
 The King home: But since he's home brought,  
 Theirs be the *Guerdon* vvho best vvrought.

Whither we take the work from Heaven,  
 Or adde it to the wonders seaven,  
 Or learn, that *England* never vvould  
 Take King, nor Reformation hold.  
 Of us, Let us be well content  
 T' applaud unto the Instrument.

*George* whom ill los'd, we all confesse;  
 By providence was nothing lesse.  
 He serv'd in *Egypt*; so it fell,  
 He proves the prope of *Israel*.  
 He is our *David*, and he took  
 But five small sling-stones from the brook;

And

And with the G<sup>ants</sup> own sword indeed,  
He hath cut off *Goliath's* head.

His Club hath made more Monsters fall,  
Than *Hercules* his Labours all.

He hath the *Hydra's* heads down born,  
And gives us *Achelous* horn.

Of *Philistines* a greater crew  
*Abas* quash'd, than ever *Samson* slew.

His finger hath drawn down their house,  
And yet both sav'd himself and us.

*Thrasibulus* he hath excel'd,  
Though thirty Tyrants he expel'd.  
And this act shall Eclipse the Glory  
Of old Saint *George* his Legend Story,  
As far's the King's and Kingdoms three,  
Outvies a poor Maids jeopardie.

And of all those, though brave and good,  
Not one like this was done but blood.

Then; to Heaven's let us praises sing,  
Thank *George*, and Pray, *God Save the King.*

F I N I S.





